

And this the noble Bodie : I am sotted,  
Vtterly lost : My Virgins faith has fled me.  
For if my brother but even now had ask'd me  
Whether I lov'd, I had run mad for *Arcite*,  
Now if my Sister ; More for *Palamon*,  
Stand both together : Now, come aske me Brother,  
Alas, I know not : aske me now sweet Sister,  
I may goe looke ; What a meere child is *Fancie*,  
That having two faire gawdes of equall sweetnesse,  
Cannot distinguish, but must crie for both.

*Enter Emil. and Gent.*

*Emil.* How now Sir ?

*Gent.* From the Noble Duke your Brother  
Madam, I bring you newes : The Knights are come.

*Emil.* To end the quarrell ?

*Gent.* Yes.

*Emil.* Would I might end first :  
What finnes have I committed, chaste *Diana*,  
That my unspotted youth must now be soyl'd  
With blood of *Princes* ? and my Chastitie  
Be made the Altar, where the lives of Lovers,  
Two greater, and two better never yet  
Made mothers joy, must be the sacrifice  
To my unhappy Beautie ?

*Enter Theseus, Hipolita, Perithous and attendants.*

*Theseus.* Bring 'em in quickly,  
By any meanes, I long to see 'em.  
Your two contending Lovers are return'd,  
And with them their faire Knights : Now my faire Sister,  
You must love one of them.

*Emil.* I had rather both,  
So neither for my sake should fall untimely

*Enter Messengers. Curtius.*

*Thes.* Who saw 'em ?

*Per.* I a while.

*Gent.* And I.

*Thes.* From whence come you Sir ?

*Mess.* From the Knights.

*Thes.*

*Thes.* Pray speake

You that have seene them, what they are.

*Mess.* I will Sir,

And truly what I thinke : Six braver spirits  
Then these they have brought, (if we judge by the outside)

I never saw, nor read of : He that stands

In the first place with *Arcite*, by his seeming

Should be a stout man, by his face a Prince,

(His very lookes so say him) his complexion,

Nearer a browne, than blacke ; sterne, and yet noble,

Which shewes him hardy, fearelesse, proud of dangers :

The circles of his eyes show faire within him,

And as a heated Lyon, so he lookes ;

His haire hangs long behind him, blacke and shining

Like Ravens wings : his shoulders broad, and strong,

Armd long and round, and on his Thigh a Sword

Hung by a curious Bauldricke ; when he frownes

To scale his will with, better o' my conscience

Was never Souldiers friend.

*Thes.* Thou ha' st well describde him,

*Per.* Yet a great deale short

Me thinkes, of him that's first with *Palamon*.

*Thes.* Pray speake him friend.

*Per.* I ghesse he is a Prince too,

And if it may be, greater ; for his show

Has all the ornament of honour in't :

Hee's somewhat bigger, then the Knight he spoke of,

But of a face far sweeter ; His complexion

Is (as a ripe grape) ruddy : he has felt

Without doubt what he fights for, and so apter

To make this cause his owne : In's face appears

All the faire hopes of what he undertakes,

And when he's angry, then a setled valour

(Not tainted with extreames) runs through his body,

And guides his arme to brave things : Feare he cannot,

He shewes no such soft temper, his head's yellow,

Hard bayr'd, and curld, thicke twind like Ivy tops,

Not to undoe with thunder ; In his face

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